years before I knew you

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years before I knew you

by Kindred

Summary

Will met's Hannibal when he was 5 and he didn't know and as he grew up he didn't know that his father signed his life away to clear his debt.

Chapter 1

Hannibal turned up at Will's house, when the younger man didn't turn up for his evening appointment. It was dark out and the snow was close to being knee deep and lights to Will's home was shining like a lighthouse in the foggy night. He walked up to the porch rubbing his hands before he knocked on the door he had thought that Will was ill or had one of his funny turns. He saw the dogs waggling their tails and their happy mouths open tongues hang out on the side.

Then the dogs move away from the door as a curly haired man walked up to the door looking more dishevelled and spaced out than normal as he open the door. Hannibal could see the younger man's hair was all over the place and his skin was slick with sweat and then there was the smell blood. "Hannibal?" Will whispered, his voice was dry and scratchy as he open the door.
"Will are you alright?" He asked as he step inside, the smell of blood was strong and he knew it wasn't the dogs, they were sat by the fire place watching the doctor to see if he had brought any treats for them.
"Ummm I need to show you something." He whispered as he staggered back towards his bed room.

Once into the bed room Hannibal saw the bed had a pool of blood and some other kind of fluid to. It reminded Hannibal of a woman giving birth. He heard a cooing sound it wasn't coming from Will but from the small laundry basket that was on the small table in the bed room. He saw Will look down into the basket with a terrified blue eyes. The doctor looked down into the makeshift baby bed and saw a small baby and a smile spread cross the man's lips as he reached out and scooped the baby up into his arms and watched as he cooed up at Hannibal not screaming or crying like most babies. He leaned down and breathed in the baby's smell and let out a deep happy sigh. He could smell Will and himself on this baby and it made him grin even more as he turned to look at the stunned man "Have you fed him?" Hannibal asked seeing the perfect pink flesh and the mop of black hair
"Y…Yes."
"What did you feed him?" Hannibal asked looking up at the most beautiful being he was proud to have meet.
"Bl…Blood, human blood I still have some of those 'steak' you gave me and I put them in the blender and then into…a bottle." He said, Hannibal watches him but didn't say anything about the fact Will knows who he really was
"Good human blood is the only way for me and this little on to look like you humans. Tho I am being to wonder if you're human at all." He smiled to him but Will looked up at him before passing out.

Hannibal moved them, dogs and all back to his home he had let the dogs sleep in the empty back room that he has placed a dog flap for them so they can do their business outside. Then he took Will and the baby up stairs to the master bedroom. He didn't have a cot or any baby things but that he would have to wait for tomorrow and hopefully the road will be clear. Will groaned as Hannibal bathed in with a warm sponge cleaning up the blood that was left behind as he watched the younger man sleep.

When Will woke up he laid there for a moment basking in the soft sheets and the feel of a large warm body behind him. “Will you yell me what happen?” Hannibal’s voice broke the quiet as he whispered softly to him, Will was quiet for a moment as he felt his body ache all over “Will.” Hannibal whispered his name again.
“I was at a scene, one of yours.” Will whispered “I had felt achy though the night but at the scene it got worst and I had to leave with Jack shouting after me. When I arrive home I felt something wet gush out of me…” Will stopped and blushed and tried to hide his face in the pillow.
“I’m sorry I did not notices that you were carrying my young.” Hannibal smiled as he kissed Will’s naked shoulder
“To busy trying to frame me. “ The blonde man looked at him with a blank look “I’ve known for a while Hannibal about you, about you trying to frame for the murders and the messing with my head.”

Will pushed himself up and grabbed Hannibal’s robes “Where are you going?” The blonde asked, Will turned to look at him
“The baby is about to wake up.” He said as he walked over to the basket and saw the baby was waking up and started to make noises. Hannibal watched as Will picked up baby who was resting his head on the curly haired man’s shoulders “Hannibal do you have some blood bags he’s hungry,” Will said as he turned to look at the blonde who was watching him in awe.
“You’ve bonded with him?”
“I gave birth to him I should hope I am bonded with him.”

Chapter 2

Will become ill after meeting Hannibal, Johnathan gave Will some calpol and then changed him into his JP's before putting him to bed. He watches Will for a long time as the boy's breathing evens out and he falls into a deep sleep. He wonders when the demon prince will call for his son or what he had planned for his boy and there was an urge to run with Will and run far as he could…sell up home our house and leave and live on my boat… he thought … no no I can't sell the house he will know about it… He looked back at Will curled up a sleep.

He getting up he sighed leaving his son to sleep though his fever he wondered if Hannibal had don't to do with Will being ill and then he thought of the juice box and cursed himself for not taking the drink from his son. He closed the door leaving it a jar and walked down towards his room to find another bottle of whisky…we will escape…he thought as he looked at the full bottle that was shining at him from the chest of draws. He sat on the bed looking down the hall at his son's room just seeing his small face from the crack in the door sleeping uneasily. The snap of the cap of the bottle of whisky made him sigh as he pressed the rim of the bottle to his lips before taking a mouthful of the rich liquid. He knew that he shouldn't be drinking it only creates bad thoughts and poor Will always pay the price for it.

Later that week…
Hannibal looked up at the man in front, Randall one of his most loyal workers and half demon with a first of blood. Normally Randall does good work as a hunter or a skilled killer however today he brought unsettling news. So of course Hannibal's normal blank and clam features betray him so he frowned at the young half breed. He had just been told his boss that the Graham's house was a blazing inferno …cleaver man…Hannibal thought as he snarled as he stood up "Was anyone in the fire?" He asked …I can't imagine him killing his son… he thought
"No my lord it looks like Graham grabbed his son and legged it." The demon hummed at Randall as he walked towards the window that over looked the mouth to the ocean. "We have people looking for them, the man is human he can't have gotten far." The dark haired man said,
"Good, when you do find them bring them both here alive." He told him as he kept his back to the half breed as he kept looking out the window "I mean it I want the boy alive and well." The demon said. Randall frowned but nodded as he looked down at his claws
"We think they have a couple of hour's head start, we have the roads blocked off and I have sent out hunters to pick up his scent." He told Demon king. "All plans have been ordered to come back and their photo has been sent out so far nothing.
"What about by water?"
"Sir?" Randall asked, Hannibal turned and looked at him his eyes burning with anger
"Graham owns a boat Randall." He hissed at him
"I didn't know sir, I'm sorry I will look into where they could have gone." He then scurried out the room leaving the demon king to fester.

Meanwhile…

Johnathan looked around the water watching as the sun rose reflecting on the water around them. He smiled as he breathed in a deep breath taking in the salty sea air and the fresh crisp air and kissed his skin and played with his hair. His thought went to Will who was a sleep below deck he knew at some point the boy will start asking questions about their home but he had that all planed out. He will just tell his boy that they are on holiday and then once they get into port and have a week of fishing and having fun he will tell Will that he was offered a job even tho that is a complete lie. “Daddy?” Came Will’s voice as the boy walked up the stairs rubbing his eyes still wearing his PJ’s

Johnathan smiled brightly as he sipped his coffee and looked at the sleepy eyed boy with messy curls, he was happy when Will’s fever started to fade he could take his boy away from that Demon, it may not be for long but long enough he hoped. “Hey Will, how you feeling?” He smiled as the boy warped his blanket tighter around himself as he looked up at his father and then around the boat
“I’m okay.” He said “Why are we on your boat?” Will asked, Johnathan gave him a tight smile and placed his hand on Will’s head and ruffled his hair
“I thought we could do with a little holiday.” He told the boy…a long – long holiday…he thought as he looked back out over the water “Why don’t you go and get dressed and then get yourself breakfast.” He told him. Will smiled
“Can we fishing?” He asked with a wide grin
“Of course, we will catch the biggest fish out here for our lunch.” Johnathan said as he watched his son run back down into the belly of the ship.

…..12 years later…..
He was days away from turning 18 and he had his university picked out and he wouldn’t have to keep traveling all over the place with his father. He could stay in one place to study rather than playing catch up with his lesson, however his father didn’t want Will to leave for university he wanted his son to stay where he could keep an eye on him. He had begun to notices over the last 5 years how strange his father started behaving he wanted to know where is at all times, even when he knows that Will is in school and he wants Will home right away he wasn’t allowed out unless he is going to work. He had learnt his lesson the hard away he was late home from school a couple of times and ended up being punched by a drunken fist or seen the end of a belt.

He arrived home from work and walked onto the boat to find his dad waiting for him, Will looked at him seeing him red faced holding Will’s letter to Uni and he sighed “Dad what are you doing?” Will asked
“You’re leaving?” He snarled
“Not for another month.” Will told him as he stood still, seeing the man almost shake with anger as the letter in his hand was crumbled up
“You are not leaving!” He yelled at him
“I’m nearly 18 you can’t kept me locked up forever!” Will yelled back at him “Sooner or later I will have to leave so why not to go to Uni and do something I like!” He told him, the next thing he knew he was on the floor holding his stomach as he felt the dull burn of his father’s fist
“YOU ARE NOT LEAVING!” He yelled as he grabbed his arm and pull him, Will pulled his

arm back and stood up on shaky legs
“No! I’ve had enough of this!” Will cried out as he turned to grabbed his school bag and go up the steps to the top of the boat. Johnathan blinked in shock as his son turned to leave and he panic and reached for a half empty bottle of whisky and brought it down on Will’s head, and then watched as his son feel in a crumpled heap.

Chapter 3

Jonathan stood there and looked at Will, he laid there unconscious blood trickling down his neck and staining the back of the young man's shirt. "W…Will?" He called out, he moved closer to him and touched the back of Will's shoulders "Come on William please wake up." He asked. The teen just laid there he put his hand over his mouth and then he staggered up the stairs feeling as if the ship was swaying he moved onto the deck of his boat

He didn't know what he was going to do he killed his son or so he believed, there was light in his eyes and it made Jonathan winced and held up his hand as he swayed in front of two police officers. "Sir we were called here because your neighbours heard shouting a screams." Jonathan looked up at them and frowned.
"My son…he's hurt." He whispered, he nodded to the entrance of their sleeping area. One policeman walked down to where Will was laying, he moved the young man back and pressed his fingers to his throat to feel his pulse and let out a sigh as he looked up at his friend he nodded. The dark haired policemen on deck smirked as he turned to Jonathan before walking over to him and pulling him up.
"He's dead sir and I'm afraid I have to take you in." Jonathan turned around and looked wide eyed
"N…no." He choked
"Hands behind your back sir." He told him. Jonathan started to fight the policeman but the man easily got him on the ground as the other man stepped out. "I will take him to the car and you call it in." He grinned as he got the man off the boat.

Couple of hours later…
Jonathan was still in the back of the squad car he frowned wondering why there weren't any other police cars or someone picking up his son's body. He frowned as he saw a Bentley pull up and he flinched he has always flinched every times he sees one of those cars, a man stepped out of the car and Jonathan gasped as he saw Hannibal Lecter stand there sorting out his coat. The man didn't look like he aged day in the last 12 years as he the man looked at Jonathan and smirked as he walked down the dock heading towards his boat.

Hannibal walked into up to the boat as the police officers that stayed behind carried the unconscious Will up onto deck. He stood there as the cop laid Will in front of him he knelt down and looked at the youthful face, he was pretty he was skinny but had the slight curve in his hips. Hannibal growled softly as he watched Will groan and roll his head to the side to show blood seeming onto the wooden deck. Reached out the ash blonde touched Will's cheek and watched the young man moan and unconsciously nuzzle his hand, leaning down he whispered into the young man's ears "Remember me my little Queen." Will responded with a whimper as he turned his head again.
"Hannibal." After all this time away from him his little demon still has the small bond.

Smiling to himself Hannibal scooped up Will into his arms and then carried him off the boat, he turned to the two policemen "Destroy the boat and take him into the station, he murdered

his son and his neighbours, before you arrived at the scene."
"Yes Lord Lecter."
"Good boys." He grinned and he started to walk away "You will be rewarded." He told them as he walked towards his car.

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